

## The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 43.....NO. 18,085.

## AN OLD NEW YORK NEWSBOY.

Henry Lewis Gassett, the first New York newsboy to cry "Extra!" is dead at the age of seventy-five, leaving a fortune made in tobacco.

It is sixty years since Gassett came down to Park Row from his east-side home to sell papers. That was when news was two days in reaching us by carrier from Washington, and the daily journals had only just discarded their hand-presses for a new cylinder machine about which the sceptics felt grave doubts. The first telegraph line, from Washington to Wilmington, Del., was yet to be strung, and the mail train was an undreamed-of possibility. The Hoe press was a quarter of a century in the future and the linotype almost twice as remote. No tree had yet been felled for pulp to supply a paper-mill. All the money then invested in New York newspapers did not equal the amount The World now pays yearly for telegraph tolls.

Gassett's memories must have been exceedingly interesting. He lived to hear his first cry of "Extra!" echoed by a hundred thousand youthful throats. He saw Dan Bryant selling papers where the Pulitzer Building now stands, and he lived to read of old-time newsboys elected Congressmen, like Sullivan, or Governors, like Brady, of Alaska, and Burke, of North Dakota, or Mayors, like McGuire, of Syracuse, and Gray, of Minneapolis.

This First Newsboy maintained a personal interest in those who came after him, and it was in a Park Row bulletin-board crush that he received the injuries that ultimately caused his death. He saw the Newsboys' Lodging-House erected, into whose bank Fred Fox, "the money king" of his class, put \$1,000, all acquired from selling papers near the Cortlandt street ferry. He had heard of Mose Jacobs, "King of the Newsboys," a Des Moines lad who accumulated \$62,000 in his trade. Perhaps he knew "Limpy" Jim, the one-legged lad who so long sold papers in City Hall Park.

And it is certain that he knew some of the town's newsboys and newsmen, the brave spirits who pluckily stick to their posts in storm and wind; some like Mary Welter, at the East Twenty-third street ferry, supporting a mother and a blind father; others like Ellen Corcoran, amassing from sales at the Bridge entrance and before the Pulitzer Building a substantial fortune, even as fortunes go in New York, and represented in part by an investment of \$45,000 in tenement-houses in 1900. Did he go to the funeral of Rosie Corcoran, "Rosie the Newsboy," one of the most remarkable funerals Cherry Hill ever saw? Did he know the Horn sisters, who long had the stand at the northeast corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street?

There was much in Gassett's memories that would have made most interesting reading if put in a book.

## FASHION'S WHIMS.

And to conclude, there is nothing, in my opinion, that fashion either doth not or cannot; and with reason doth Pin-darus, as I have heard say, call her the Queen and Empress of all the world.—Montaigne.

Dear Lord, bless us and help us to be stylish.—Little girl's prayer recorded by Marion E. Haines.

Yesterday it was the girl in chiffon; to-day it is the "ribbon girl" with streamers and bows of colored silk. What her whim will be to-morrow no man knoweth nor ever could know. Perhaps somebody in Paris knows, perhaps a duchess or a favorite actress there. But for the present the knowledge is veiled from the public. When Eugene was Empress it was easier to prognosticate.

What does not a year bring forth in changes in feminine styles? A glance back for a couple of generations, say to the time when Victoria ascended the throne, reveals astonishing changes in woman's costume. It shows, for example,

In hats, the big and beautiful Gainsborough, the Joshua Reynolds with sweeping plumes; the "plaster" of the early fifties; the hat with the veil dropped as a curtain before and its successor the hat with the curtain behind; the white hat of the Horse Show.

In sleeves, the leg of mutton; the "pillows tied at the shoulder;" the straight tight sleeve; the sleeve with a kangaroo pouch at the wrists.

In skirts, the filmy muslin of the early Victorian era, with white petticoats; the crimoline of the early fifties with red petticoats; Eugene's invention this, destined to hold its own for the unexampled period of nearly fifteen years; followed then by the other extreme, the "pull back" with Grecian bend and tight lines that revealed the form divine in all its sinuosities, a Langety idea.

In waists, the Garibaldi blouse, an adaptation of the patriot's red shirt and forerunner of the shirt waist of the present; the Eugene waist with sloping shoulders; the bouffant effect of year before last; the shield shape of this.

In stockings, the white of forty years ago; the solid-colored black and red succeeding; the striped; the monogrammed; the openwork, responsible for ministerial destruction and, in Newark, for the filling of a bridge at the altar.

In hair dressing, the giraffe effects of the thirties; the ringlets of the forties; the chignon of the fifties; the tucked-in curls of Eugene's edict; the "rati;" the bang; the pompadour.

And in instances these have we enumerated even one-tenth of the changes?

## WOMEN'S OCCUPATIONS.

Some years ago Ellen Bower, a girl of eighteen, living at Wilburton, Pa., a mining town, was written up as the pioneer of women mail-carriers. The record of her adventures included an encounter with highwaymen and the rescue of her precious mail-bag from a carriage accident on the edge of a precipice. It appears now, from a Washington despatch, that there are twenty-four other women mail-carriers on rural routes, and the Postmaster-General is reported as surprised that so many women are engaged in this occupation.

But in what line of work are they not to be found? In 1840 there were hardly more than eight occupations open to women in the United States:

Housekeeping, Typewriting,  
Teaching, Working in cotton fac-  
tories,  
Needlework, and  
Keeping laundries, The stage.

Now there are hardly as many into which they have not entered. They are pilots, blacksmiths, bootblacks, linethins, roofers, watchmakers.

There are:  
200 women bartenders, 2 auctioneers,  
300 detectives, 1,000 college professors,  
127 engineers, 4,500 actresses,  
There are 90 homes and clubs in 49 cities for their accommodation, with a regular patronage of \$5,000. And in New York alone they number a full quarter of a million.

It is agreeable to read that their wages show a constant upward tendency. In England the average of women's wages as compared with men's is as 9 to 21. Here it ranges from just half for bookkeepers, up to 90 per cent. for clerks, tailors and printers.

## JOKES OF THE DAY.

"Thinking of getting married, eh? Why, you can't even support yourself, let alone a wife!"

"Well, I can pretty near do it, and she can help, of course."

"The S. P. C. A. ought to appoint a commission to stop the docking of horses' ears!"

"I s'pose its president would be Dock Commissioner?"

Mr. Newliwed—I tell you, dear, I simply can't afford to get you a new gown.

Mrs. Newliwed (sobbing)—I think you're just hateful, and you're the man who used to call me your "angel" and promise me every—

Mr. Newliwed—But it's your fault if I don't consider you an angel any more. An angel wouldn't worry about clothes the way you do.—Philadelphia Press.

"This is a lawless community."

"You bet. One-half of it breaks the law and the other half gets broke by the law when they try to recover damages."

He likes all sorts of water ice.

The only kind he hates, no doubt,

Are the St. Swithin frappes that

The weather clerk's now handing out.

"Does the French word 'modiste' mean 'modest'?"

"Not so far as prices are concerned, anyhow."

"What makes you so sore on your employer? When he raised your pay so that you could marry you said he was your best friend."

"I did, eh? Well, now I see he was my worst enemy."

"My boy Sammy," said the neighbor,

"worryes me almost to death with his somnambulism."

"You ought to take it away from him," said Mrs. Lappling.

"He'll kill himself with it some day."—Chicago Tribune.

Barkeep—What will you have for a chaser, sir?

Cynic—I guess I'll take it out of the same bottle as the drink itself. It'd be hard to find any nearer approach to water.

The bill collector is, no doubt,

Most popular of men.

Each place he calls (if folks aren't out)

They bid him "call again."

Tommy—Pop, gas is measured by the foot, isn't it?

Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son, and paid by the mile.—Philadelphia Record.

## SOMEBODIES.

ANDREWS, CHANCELLOR E. B.—of the University of Nebraska, is one of the few men who ever refused a raise of pay. His salary is \$5,000. An offer was made to raise it to \$6,000. He refused, saying the university needed to practise economy.

BRADBURY, V. E.—Mayor of Gallipolis, O., is one of the youngest Mayors in the country. He is only twenty-four.

DE MONTESQUEUEN, COMTE—the French litterateur, who is about to visit New York, will bring over a dog wearing an ivory collar studded with turquoise. The Count looks like the picture of D'Artagnan.

KING OF SPAIN—has just been made Colonel of a German infantry regiment. Whether or not this branch of the service was offered in deference to his tender years is not known.

PRINCE FREDERICK LEOPOLD—of Germany has shown his sympathy with the Boer cause by recently dressing his servants in Boer uniforms and slouch hats.

BERNHARDT, SARAH—is, according to a Berlin newspaper, of German and not French nationality. The actress is too ardent a French patriot, however, to boast of the fact.

CHRISTIAN, KING—of Denmark, begins his daily work at 8 every morning, despite the fact that his pay won't be docked if he's late to the office. He also refuses to allow a valet to dress him.

ANTS HAD USE FOR SHOES.

A traveller in Rhodesia says that on awakening one morning he was astonished to see on the brick floor of his room, a short distance from his bed, a cone-shaped object, with two holes at the top, says the Commercial Tribune. A closer examination showed him that the two holes had just the size and shape of the inside of his boots, which he had left on the floor the night before. The cone was the work of white ants, the material being the leather of the boots, which they had actually chewed up, leaving nothing but the nails, the eyelets and a part of the heels.

## WHEN IN DISGRACE.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends  
Poised to see, like him, like him with state,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;

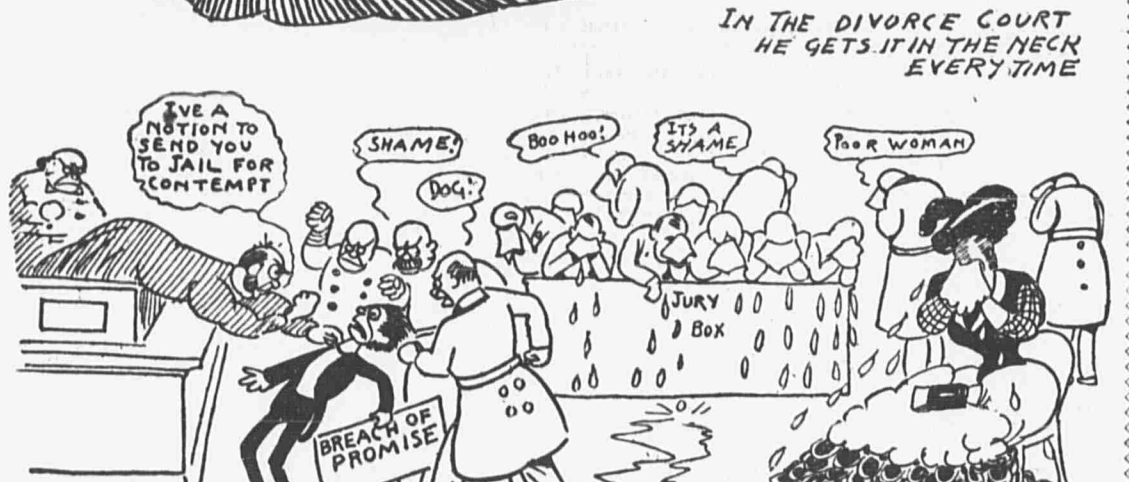
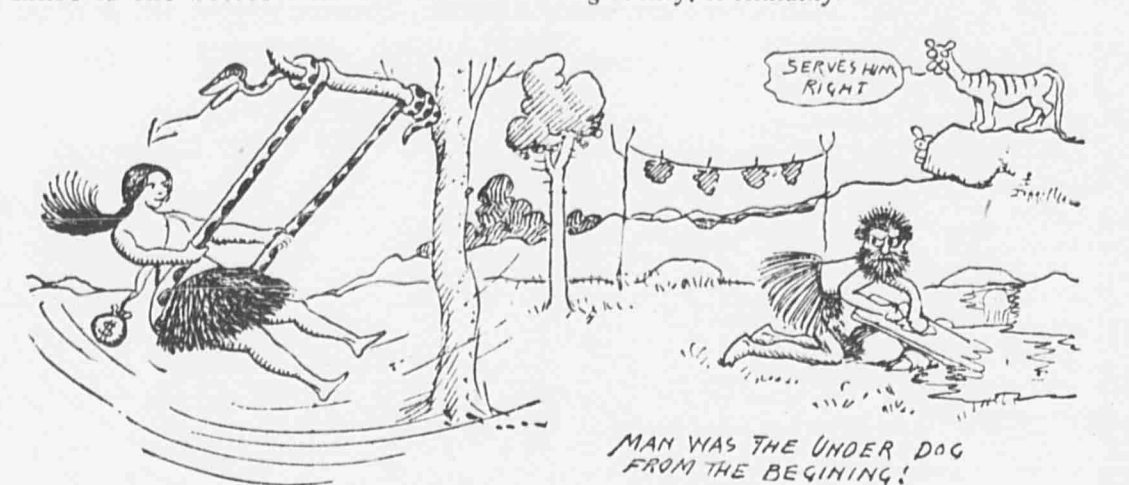
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then  
My state, like that of a land at break of day arising  
From a dull, sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet remembrance  
Of such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state  
With kings.—Shakespeare.

## "MAN IS THE UNDER DOG."

The Poor Fellow as Artist Powers Sees Him.

"In every legal contest between husband and wife he is the under dog. If she have an estate and he none he is a pensioner on her bounty, and it's only ex gratia he may enter the back door of her mansion. The gray mare is the better horse."—Decision of Judge Toney, of Kentucky.



**TRUSTFUL FATHER.**  
"Herbert has a lovely disposition," said Ethel.  
"Yes," answered Ethel's father. "Herbert's disposition is too lovely. I shouldn't like to trust your future to his hands. He is the sort of person who will be imposed on without resenting it. I have known him to go to a ball game and not want to fight the umpire when he gave an unjust decision against the home team."—Washington Star.

**HER LUCK.**  
"After all," said Mrs. Galleigh, "it isn't so bad to have a husband who sleeps in church. Mine dreamed all through the sermon last Sunday, and I can't help feeling glad every time I think about it."  
"Why, who ever heard of such a thing?" her friend exclaimed.  
"You see, our minister preached a horrid, impertinent sermon against women paying so much for the clothes they wear, and I just know that if Jonathan had been awake he'd never get through quoting it to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**NO DANGER.**  
"Bav, Mandy, hadn't you better take in them towels you hev out thar hangin' on th' clothes line? Some tramp'll come along an' steal them."  
"Shucks! Who ever heard of a tramp stealin' towels?"—Baltimore News.

## The Man Higher Up.

HIS ATTENTION NOW GIVEN TO SIX-DAY BIKERS.

"I SEE those poor bicycle riders are back in the six-day grind again," remarked the cigar store man.

"Surest thing you know," said the Man Higher Up. "You couldn't keep them out with an injunction. Go down there to the Garden and you'll find the same old bunch, suffering from everything, from housemaid's knee to bunions on the eardrum, plugging around the track. They are suffering for Pat Powers and Jim Kennedy and their daily pay last year, and the year before, and they'll be there next year, making Fox's martyrs look like lotus eaters."

"I was at the Garden last night when the race started. The place was stuffed like a sausage. It all goes to show that New York will pay for anything it likes, and it likes to see men suffer."

"It's a brutal thing," said the cigar store man.

"That depends on how you look at it," replied the Man Higher Up. "If Kennedy and Powers hadn't scorched the people with the impression that there was a hungry undertaker at the wire waiting for every rider's finish they wouldn't have anybody in the Garden but themselves and the men who keep the score. New Yorkers wouldn't pay more than five cents to see a conductor on a street car at work in the rush hours, but there's more brutality in that than there is in a six-day bicycle race."

"Not that I'm saying that I'd want to go down there and ride a bicycle for six days at a stretch. Neither would I want to shovel a few tons of coal every day into the boiler of a locomotive, or keep a sewing-machine going in a sweatshop."

"It's a funny thing about this brutality chorus, a d showmen with designs on the bankrolls of New Yorkers know it. They know that if they can push out the impression that you've got to pay money to see somebody hurt himself you'll hock your shoes to be there. If I'd advertise that some dependent individual was going to jump from the roof of the Flatiron Building into Fifth avenue, with a view of divorcing himself

from his life and making a spot on the pavement to show where he lit, Madison Square would be a vacant lot the next morning."

"The ablest assistants that showmen have in getting out this brutality hunch are the simple-minded people who believe everything they see in the papers. They never go anywhere and they never see anything, but they love every stranger and they hate to hear of him getting a handout that will cause him physical pain."

"They keep the prize-fighting game popular because they think it is brutal. They think because a man bleeds at the nose when he is hit on the nose that a public outrage has been committed. They can't get it through their heads that a prize-fighter is about the healthiest and hardest to hurt person there is. They can't see that there is more brutality in the rush at the Manhattan end of the bridge every night than there ever was in all the prize-fights ever fought under Marquis of Queensberry rules, so they have stopped prize-fighting in New York."

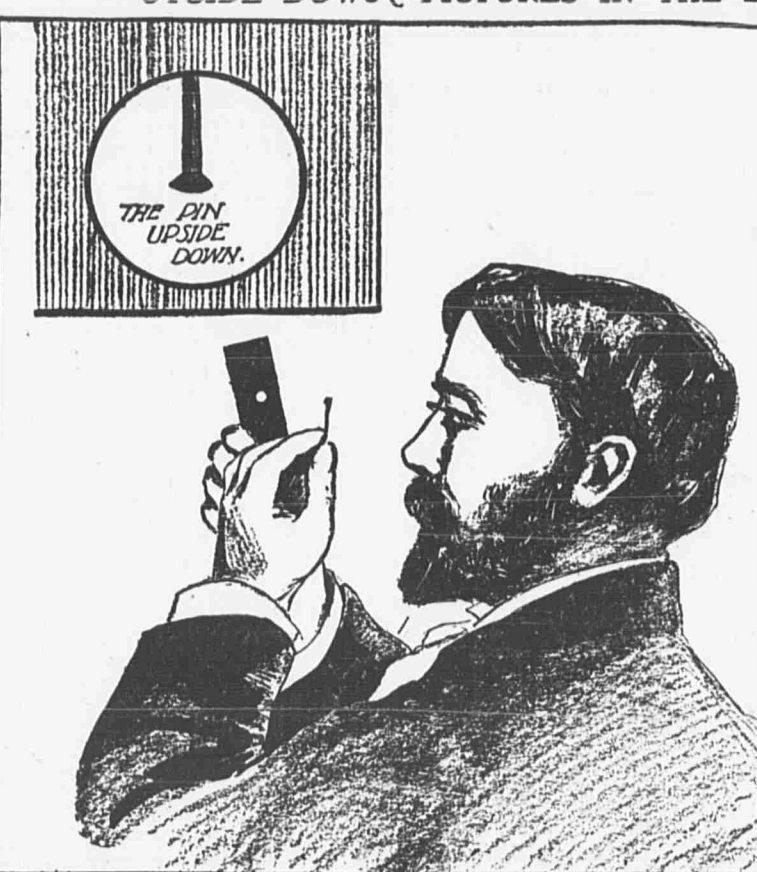
"It's the same way with the six-day races. A man who has been losing sleep and working hard for a few days is bound to get glassy in the lamps and pasty in the visage, whether he has been riding a bicycle in an endurance contest, running a locomotive, tending bar, waiting in a restaurant or playing poker. The humanitarian persons go to the Garden, look at the glassy lamps and the pasty maps of the riders and holler 'brutality' so loud that Powers and Kennedy have to get an extra police guard to keep people away from the box-office. I've known people to shed enough tears to boil a ham in over the sufferings of the poor six-day riders—who suffer to the music of Signor Bayne's band—and these same people work their servants seventeen hours a day and fire them every twenty-third of December so they won't have to give them Christmas presents."

"Do you think they'll ever stop football?" asked the cigar store man.

"Not as long as the sons of the humanitarians want to play it," responded the Man Higher Up.

## HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

## UPSIDE DOWN PICTURES IN THE EYE.



## OVER 100,000 KILLED IN 1902.

The year 1902 is likely to go down in history as an "annus mirabilis," by which term the years of special disaster have been known through the ages. When about finished, 1902 already has to its record an appalling loss of life.

No fewer than 100,000 human beings have fallen victims. Less than half of these deaths occurred at Martinique, through Pele's frightful eruption. The remainder were occasioned by other catastrophes—the earthquakes in Guatemala, the floods in China, and the mining disasters in the United States and Canada.

Close students of history predict more terrible calamities to follow, basing their predictions chiefly on the common belief that "misfortunes never come singly," says London Answers.

In another dreadful year, that of 1666, in England, there is no apparent reason why one disaster followed another. That was the year following the occurrence of the Black Plague, which had swept over London, completing its devastation by leaving 100,000 dead. Then came the great fire that ate out the central portion of London. Spain suffered from a great drought that dried up the springs and shrivelled the crops. At the same time the fertile fields of Germany and the Rhine Valley were laid waste by floods. Italy was shaken with earthquakes.

The year 1765 was made an "annus mirabilis" by the Lisbon earthquake. An area greater in extent than the whole continent of Europe was violently shaken, and the loss of life was estimated variously at from 100,000 to 150,000. Besides the cosmic phenomena for which the year was so noted, there were atmospheric disturbances of unusual magnitude, storms, droughts, &c.

## A HEALTHFUL FAD.

In many households in the suburbs of most large American cities the woman of the house supplies her own table with the fruits of her poultry yard. In not a few cases a good profit is made by selling the surplus product to neighbors. It is one of the healthiest fads or occupations that a woman can take up. The work entails full of a delightful variety that should charm the true feminine heart. Moreover, it is a very inexpensive fad to start. A few dollars spent on erecting a coop and a wire fence in which to keep the fowls is all the equipment needed. Then with a few hens and a rooster and a setting of eggs the poultry yard is ready to start work.

## WORDS ON WOMEN.

A plain woman takes pride in her friends, a beautiful woman in her enemies, says the Smart set.

A woman will often say no when she means yes, but never yes when she means no.

The normal woman is capable of one love and fifty affairs.

A woman's charity sometimes begins away from home, and then remains there.

A young girl is the nearest approach to an angel that we have—and the most exasperating.

It has never yet been decided whether a woman is happier when happy or when miserable.

When a woman is thoroughly tired she finds nothing so refreshing as a nice long talk.

## PRAYER NEVER CEASES.

There is one spot in the United States where the voice of prayer is never still, says the Methodist Magazine. For more than twenty months the "turret of prayer" that surrounds the Temple of Truth near Lisbon Falls, Me., has never for an instant been without the sound of a human voice in supplication. It is the intention of the people who attend to this remarkable form of worship that prayer in the turret shall never cease so long as the building shall stand. Those who take part in the service compose the Holy Ghost and Us Society. The society affiliates with no denomination and tries to conform strictly to the teachings of the Bible. Starting without a penny, it has in a few years achieved such success that it has built four buildings, the Temple of Truth among them, which form a rectangle capable of seating 20,000 people.